

# Good Morning 436

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## NEWS FROM "GUZ"

A HOME GUARD at Newton Ferrers (South Devon) arrived at the range, in a disguised quarry, one evening, to see a magnificent cock pheasant perched near the butts.

It was a perfect target, and the H.G. lay down on the grass and took careful aim.

With visions of a delectable dinner, he pulled the trigger.

The pheasant toppled over, and with a whoop of triumph he leapt forward to pick up his prize—to discover that the bird was stuffed!

Two schoolboys visiting the neighbourhood had removed the pheasant from a glass case and "planted" it in the quarry.

The Home Guard lads had the marksman as a "mark" for some time afterwards!

A LAUNDRY in a S.W. town employs 112 girls.

Recently, the local Fire Guard chief called a conference of the employees and explained that as the laundry stood close to a military objective and was classed as being in a "special area," there was no longer any obligation on the part of the girls to fire-watch there.

If they preferred they could in future do their fire-watching at home.

Result of a "vote" was that 111 girls volunteered to continue fire-watching at the works. The only exception lived some distance out of town and had transport difficulties to contend with.

IT was reported at a meeting at Plymstock that a man had been canvassing the neighbourhood offering to fill up bomb craters at £8 a time!

MR. R. J. WELSH, a Devon horticultural expert, confessed to members of the Billacombe Allotments Association that he was at a loss one Sunday morning when a man rang him up to say his wife had fed the chicken with slug killer and asked what he should do about it.

Mr. Welsh advised him to consult a chemist for an antidote.

The chicken survived!

A NAVAL M.O. in the South-West was attending a party one night when he was called out to deal with a sailor who had had a tumble in the dark and sustained a nasty cut over his eye.

Next morning he ran across the man in the sick bay, removing the sticking plaster, and discovered a couple of stitches underneath.

"Who put those stitches in?" he demanded.

"Why, you did, sir, last night," was the answer.

The M.O. braced himself up and "remembered." It had been a very good party!

STUART MARTIN TELLS "WHAT THE CROOK FORGOT"

# TOOK SOCKS OFF—LOST HIS HEAD



YOU no doubt have heard the name of M. Bertillon mentioned. He was the man who established what became known as the Bertillon method of identification of criminals. He was the identification expert of the Paris Surete, the Scotland Yard of France.

The case that actually made his name as a detective expert throughout the world was one of the most tangled skeins of crime ever handled. If ever there was a cunning murderer that man was Henri Pranzini.

He actually stripped himself naked to commit his triple crime. Yet he forgot his naked footprints on oilcloth in a bathroom. But for that an innocent man would have gone to the guillotine!

BERTILLON did not know he was walking straight for fame when he entered the Surete that March morning. All he knew was that he had been sent for to test his theories. He was met by the Chief of the Surete, M. Taylor. They went together to No. 17 Rue de Montaigne.

There, in a large salon furnished in Louis XIV style, they first saw the body of an elderly

woman. She was Annette Gremeret, a servant. The body was lying in the middle of the room, the right arm twisted behind the back and the head almost severed from the trunk. They went to the maid's room and saw another body, that of Marie, daughter of Annette Gremeret. She, too, had been killed in much the same way.

## "Chins Up!" is message from Jean, L/Tel. G. Hall

This is Jean's answer to your repeated requests for a recent photograph. Leading Telegraphist George Hall. It was taken only the other day in the front garden of your home at 20, Sandhills-road, South Shore, Blackpool.

Your wife was just off to the shops when we called, but we persuaded her to change her mind and have her photograph taken instead. We think it was worth the trouble, what's your opinion, George? Do you remember the photograph which holds a place of honour on top of the radio? Well Jean decided to enter it in

a competition to find a "Cover Girl." The result hasn't come through yet but she will let you know what happens—here's wishing her success!

Jean went over to see your family the other evening. Everyone is fine and all send their love.

But this is Jean's letter, so here is a word from her, "All my love darling; take care of yourself. Keep your chin up and don't worry."

We think that covers everything George, and you can take it from us Jean really does look well and happy.



They entered the room of the employer of these two, and saw a third body, that of Madame Regine de Montille. She lay beside the door. The bedroom showed signs of a terrible struggle. There was a single splash of blood on the white sheets, which had apparently been swiftly thrown back. Confusion reigned everywhere. A small bedside lamp had been overturned. Chairs had been hurled about.

Beside the fallen lamp lay a key wallet, from which a key had been forcibly ripped. The missing key lay on top of a bureau. A jewel case had been rifled and emptied.

Beneath the bed was a small safe with a combination lock. Scratches around the keyhole showed that someone had tried to open it with the key; but it was not opened.

M. Bertillon went back to the salon. He bent down with his slide-rules in his hand, measuring prints on the thick pile of the carpet. The policemen watched him closely.

"These," said Bertillon, "are prints of bare feet."

But they were badly smudged. He next pointed out a trail of candle-grease which ran from the body to the curtains near the window. The spots of grease were erratic and irregular, as if the candle-bearer had had a shaking hand.

Bertillon went straight to the bathroom. He found there a basin full of bloodstained water. All the towels were lightly streaked with diluted blood. He knelt and began to take measurements of more prints of naked feet.

Finally, he went back to the salon, and there announced to the police officials that the murderer was a big, heavy man, a very fat man. "He stripped himself to commit the murders, so that his clothes would not bear a stain and he could walk out into the street without fear of detection in that way. He slew with a butcher's knife."

"How do you know he was naked?" asked the Chief.

"Because the towels in the bathroom are only lightly stained with blood. They were used to wipe blood off his body, not his clothes. But he left the footprints! The length of these is 260 millimetres and the width 107. Therefore he must have been fat and tall. Moreover, he was not a professional burglar."

"Why not?"

"Because of his stupid attempts to open the combination safe. A professional would have tried to find the combination. This murderer must have been desperate for money, or he would not have committed three murders to steal the jewels. He will try to sell them, and so you will find him."

But the police did not believe Bertillon's description. They had their reasons. The concierge of the flats and the cook both declared that a man had called late at night, but he was short, dark, and seemed to be an Italian.

More than that, they had the man's name. On a waistbelt which had been left behind and found by a policeman in a

room, the name Gaston Geissler was printed in ink.

Bertillon took the belt and examined it.

"Any other clue?" he asked calmly.

"Yes," said the Chief triumphantly, "two handkerchiefs, lying beside the bodies. Both bear the initials G.G. written on them. What do you say to that? It is the Italian!"

Bertillon smiled. "For a man to leave one handkerchief is a mistake," he replied slowly. "For him to leave two is inexcusable. And this belt? The ink is fresh. It is not the Italian!"

Conflict! Theories clashing with a vengeance!

The police had found more than the belt and handkerchiefs. Among Madame's correspondence they had discovered a letter, signed "Gaston," saying he would come and spend the night in her flat.

But Bertillon stuck to his guns. "The murderer," he said, "was not a safe-breaker, since he brought not even an elementary tool. It would be wise to circulate my description of him to jewellers and pawnbrokers. He is a cunning man. Gaston Geissler may be an alias. He hopes we will search for Gaston while he himself goes free."

Now, I want you to watch the tangles that beset this case. There was enough anxiety in it to grieve the most agile-minded sleuth.

For one thing, the days passed and there was no attempt to dispose of the jewelry anywhere.

Then a smart policeman, Inspector Rossignol, in his search, discovered that a man named Gaston Geissler, who had been staying at the Hotel Cailloux, at the corner of Rue de Dunkerque, had disappeared on the night of the murders!

And this man fitted exactly the description of the concierge and the cook. He was "short, dark, and seemed like an Italian."

Inspector Rossignol searched this man's room at the hotel. He found a shirt bearing the initials "G.G." on the collarband. The shirt had been made in Breslau. Next he found a cigar envelope which bore the name of a Cologne cigar stall.

Off to Germany went a special investigator from the Surete. He did brilliant work. He was able to get the information that the shirt had been made specially for a man named Georg Guttentag, a German.

Back to Paris came the investigator—and there, on looking up the records, he was amazed to find that Georg Guttentag was at that moment under arrest at the Mazas police station, charged with attempting to commit suicide. But so far Guttentag would give little information about himself. So he was being held.

But another amazing fact broke the gloom. The attempted suicide had taken place on the night of the murders. Guttentag had thrown himself into the Seine about six o'clock on the morning—the morning after the murders had taken place. And again a surprise: Guttentag had used the name Gaston Geissler at the hotel as a

disguise. He admitted this. He was penniless, and had given this name because he did not want his family to know he was so reduced; and it was for that reason he had jumped into the river.

The police queried his story. They believed they had the murderer. His description tallied with their description of the "Italian." There is no doubt that Guttentag, alias Gaston Geissler, would have gone to the guillotine but for another freak incident.

When the scaffold loomed large in the police charge, a telephone call came in from the Marseilles police. It came through to the Chief of the Surete, M. Taylor. It was to the effect that the Marseilles police had picked up a man who had tried to sell some jewels; and these jewels had been identified as belonging to Madame de Montille. The value of them was 15,000 francs, and this man had asked less than ten shillings for them.

M. Taylor was amazed. Who was this man? The voice from Marseilles gave him some more surprise. The arrested man was called Henri Pranzini, and he was exactly as M. Bertillon had described the murderer!

Henri Pranzini was interrogated by the Surete officials. He did plenty of talking. He admitted the triple murder. He proved the reasoning of M. Bertillon to be faultless. Yes, he had stripped off his clothes before the murders, and had used a butcher's knife. But he had forgotten to keep his socks on in the bathroom. "How clever of M. Bertillon!" he said.

To throw the police off the scent he had left the handkerchiefs and the belt. He had printed the name "Gaston Geissler" on the belt. Did he know there was a real Gaston Geissler, or another man who used the same alias? He did not. It had been a name picked at random out of his imagination!

The guillotine claimed Henri Pranzini, and the police breathed again. It had been a near go of sending an innocent man to his death.

And yet, as was pointed out to me later, the one flaw in the police argument against Guttentag should have been seen by the police, as it was by Bertillon.

For the river police had fished Guttentag out of the Seine at the very minute (according to doctors) that the three women were being done to death in the flat in Rue de Montaigne. Can you beat all this for tricks of Fate?

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

# UP THE VICTORIA!

ON the 16th of February the *Resolute* anchored at Greenwich; she was a screw ship of 800 tons burden; she had been entrusted with the revictualing of Sir James Ross's last expedition to the Polar regions. The commander, Pennet, was said to be an amiable man; he was particularly interested in the doctor's journey.

The hold of the *Resolute* had been arranged for the reception of the balloon, and it was embarked with the greatest precautions on the 18th of February. Fergusson presided over the packing of the balloon and its accessories, the anchors, cords, provisions, water-casks, etc.

Ten tons of sulphuric acid and ten tons of old iron were embarked for the production of hydrogen gas. This quantity was more than sufficient, but they were obliged to prepare for possible loss. The apparatus destined for the production of the gas, making about 20 barrels, was placed at the bottom of the hold.

Two comfortable cabins awaited Dr. Fergusson and his friend Kennedy. The latter, though he swore he would not go, went on board with a whole hunting arsenal, two excellent double-barrelled guns, and a rifle. He added two six-barrelled Colt revolvers for unforeseen needs; his powder, cartridges, lead and balls, did not exceed the weight assigned by the doctor.

The three travellers went on board on the 19th February; they were received with great distinction by the captain and his officers; the doctor, as calm as ever, preoccupied only with his expedition.



At one o'clock in the morning they were all asleep on board; the next day, the 21st February, at three o'clock in the morning, the engines snorted; at five o'clock the anchor was raised, and the *Resolute* sailed down the Thames. We need not say that all the conversation on board was about Dr. Fergusson's expedition.

The *Resolute* steamed rapidly towards the Cape of Good Hope. The weather kept fine, although the sea became higher. On the 30th of March, twenty-seven days after the departure from London, Table Mountain showed itself on the horizon. Cape Town, situated at the foot of an

## FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON

By JULES VERNE - - Part IV

amphitheatre of hills, appeared through the marine telescopes, and soon the *Resolute* weighed anchor in the port. But the captain only put in to take coal; it was the work of one day; the next day the vessel tacked south in order to double the southern point of Africa, and into the Mozambique Channel.

At last the vessel arrived in sight of the town of Zanzibar, situated on the island of the same name, and on the 15th of April, at eleven o'clock in the morning, she anchored in the port.

The English consul at Zanzibar came on board to put himself at the doctor's disposal; the European newspapers had informed him a month before of his projects. But till then he had ranked himself in the numerous phalanx of unbelievers.

### No More Doubt

"I doubted before," said he, holding out his hand to Samuel Fergusson, "but now I doubt no more."

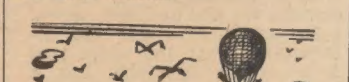
He offered the hospitality of his own house to the doctor, Dick Kennedy, and the faithful Joe. The three travellers' luggage was carried to the consul's house. Measures were taken to disembark the balloon on the Zanzibar shore: there was a favourable site near the signal mast, by the side of an enormous construction that would shelter it from the east winds. It was a thick tower, like a barrel, near which the Heidelberg barrel would have looked like a simple hogshead; it served as a fort, and on its platform some Beloutchis, a kind of idle, bragging garrison, armed with lances, were mounting guard.

But before the balloon was disembarked, the consul was warned that the population of the island would oppose it by force. Nothing is blinder than fanatical passion.

The news of the arrival of a Christian who meant to rise in the air was received with irritation; the negroes, more emotional than Arabs, saw intentions hostile to their religion in the project; they thought there was some mischief going to be done to the sun and moon, the two planets being objects of veneration to African tribes. They were therefore resolved to oppose the sacrilegious expedition.

When the consul knew this he consulted with Dr. Fergusson and Commander Pennet.

The latter did not wish to recoil before threats, but his friend made him hear reason.



"We should certainly get the better of them," said he; "the Iman's garrison would help us if necessary, but an accident might spoil our balloon irreparably, and our journey prevented altogether; we must act with great precaution." "But what can we do? If we disembark on the African coast we shall meet with the same difficulties. What can we do?"

"There is nothing more simple," answered the consul. "Do you see those islands situated outside the port? Disembark your balloon on one of those; surround yourselves with a girdle of sailors, and you will have no risk to run."

"That is the very thing," said the doctor; "we shall be able to

finish our preparations comfortably there."

The commander agreed with this advice, and the *Resolute* approached the island of Koumbeni. During the morning of the 16th April the balloon was safely placed in a clearing in the midst of the thick woods with which the soil is covered. They erected two masts, 80 feet high, and some pulleys fixed at their extremities allowed them to raise the balloon by means of a transverse cable. It was then quite empty of air.

The inner balloon was fastened to the top of the exterior one, so that it might be raised with it. The two pipes for the introduction of the hydrogen were fixed at the lower end of each balloon.

central barrel, after having been washed on its passage, and from there it passed into each of the balloons through the pipes. By that means each was filled with the right quantity of gas. They were obliged to employ for that operation 1,866 gallons of sulphuric acid, 16,050 lbs. of iron, and 966 gallons of water.

This operation was begun the following morning about three a.m. It lasted nearly eight hours.

The next day the balloon, covered with its net, was flying gracefully above the car, retained by a great number of sacks filled with sand.

The apparatus for the dilatation was mounted with the greatest care, and the balloon pipes were fixed in the cylindrical box. The anchors, cords, instruments, travelling rugs, the tent, provisions, and arms were put in their proper places in the car; the provision of water was made at Zanzibar. The 200 lbs. of ballast were divided into fifty sacks, and placed at the bottom of the car, but within reach.

The negroes continued manifest-



"NO! NO! JAMES, THE BEST BREAKFAST SERVICE! — MISS WHITLEYTON COMES FROM A GOOD FAMILY!"

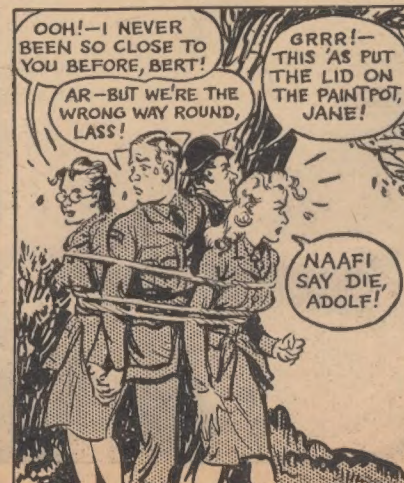
The day of the 17th was passed in fixing the apparatus destined to produce the gas. It was composed of thirty barrels, in which the decomposition of the water went on by means of iron and sulphuric acid put together in a great quantity of water.

The hydrogen went into a vast

ing their anger by cries, grimaces, and contortions. Their sorcerers went about amongst the irritated groups blowing their anger into flame. A few fanatics tried to gain the island by swimming, but they were easily kept off.

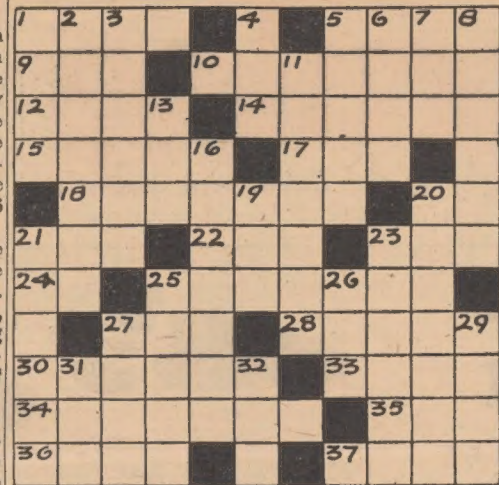
Then the incantations and sorcery began. The makers of rain, who pretend to command the clouds, called upon storms and "showers of stones," as they call

## JANE



## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1. Crimson.



CLUES DOWN.

1 Spring. 2 Evergreen. 3 Ring. 4 Conserve. 5 Lower. 6 Achieved. 7 Era. 8 Tree fruit. 11 Lost plumage. 13 Can. 16 Side. 19 Vehicle. 20 Entertainer. 21 Foil. 23 Fly. 25 Stormed. 26 Jot. 27 Die. 29 Trees. 31 Boy's name. 32 Cover.

5 Man's name.  
9 Before.  
10 Yellow.  
12 Countenance.  
14 Sounded hurt.  
15 Student.  
17 Exercise.  
18 That can be held.  
20 Parent.  
21 Seed-vessel.  
22 Impatient word.  
23 Tune.  
24 Like.  
25 Limitation.  
27 Vehicle.  
28 Food shop.  
30 Sparing.  
33 Whistle.  
34 Edging flower.  
35 Drag along.  
36 Observed.  
37 Gains.

CHART LOOSE  
LOTION PATE  
IN GUILFUL  
POP REAR N  
FURL CRAFTS  
ROOTED REP  
A MARS DODO  
STONE HAWK  
KILT ANIMATE  
ELECTOR RAN  
WED STEADY

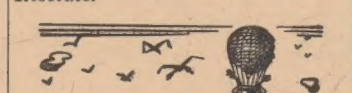
hail, to their help: for that they gathered leaves from all the different trees in the country. They had them boiled on a slow fire, whilst they killed a sheep by poking a long needle in its heart.

But, in spite of their ceremonies, the sky remained serene, and their sheep and their grimaces were of no avail.

The negroes gave themselves up to furious orgies, intoxicating themselves with "tembo," an ardent liquor made from the coconut, or a fiery sort of beer, called "togwa." Their songs, without appreciable melody, but with very just rhythms, were heard till very late at night.

About six o'clock in the evening a last dinner united the travellers at the table of the commander and his officers. Kennedy, whom no man questioned any longer, murmured some incoherent words, and kept his eye fixed on Dr. Fergusson.

Dr. Fergusson, always cold and impassible, talked of indifferent things, but it was in vain that he tried to dissipate the contagious sadness, he could not succeed. But, as they feared some demonstration against the persons of the doctor and his companions, they all three slept on board the *Resolute*.



At six a.m. they left their cabin, and went to the island of Koumbeni. The balloon was lightly flying in the face of a light east wind. The sacks of sand which fastened it down had been replaced by twenty sailors.

Commander Pennet and his officers assisted at their solemn departure. At that moment Kennedy went straight to the doctor, took his hand, and said— "Well, Samuel, you are quite decided to go?"

"Quite, Dick."

"I have done all I could to

prevent the journey, haven't I?"

"Everything."

"Then my conscience is easy about it, and I shall go with you."

"I was sure of it," answered the doctor, while a flash of emotion passed across his face.

At nine o'clock the three companions took their places in the car; the doctor lighted his gas-pipe and blew the flame, so as to produce a rapid heat. The balloon which had rested on the ground in perfect equilibrium, began to rise in a few minutes. The sailors were obliged to keep clear of the cords which fastened it down.

The car rose about twenty feet.

"My friends," cried the doctor, standing between his two companions, and taking off his hat, "let us give to our aerial ship a lucky name. We will call it the *Victoria*."

(To be continued.)

## WANGLING WORDS—375

1. Put a limb in CINE and get a colour.  
2. In the following first line of a popular song both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—Gornill stuj leo verri amn eh speke.

3. Mix PERT, add I, and get something to eat.

4. Find the two hidden weapons in: Keats, Wordsworth and Pope were poets singing unusual songs.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 374

1. STRAINER.  
2. I like a nice cup of tea in the morning.  
3. ASKE-Y.  
4. H-or-se, Came-l.

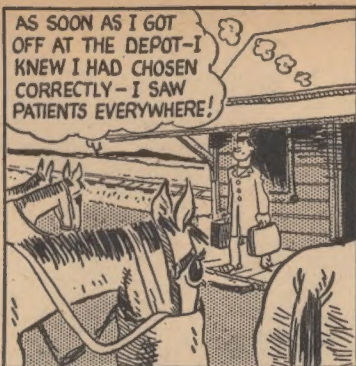
## QUIZ for today

1. A queest is a kind of pigen, cake mixture, Dutch drink, carpenter's vice, brooch?
2. What group of islands gives its name to a bird, a wine, a dance, and a tree?
3. What is the eastward speed of places on the Equator, due to the earth's rotation?
4. Does (a) candle, (b) sealing-wax, sink or float in fresh water?
5. What is the capital of Siam?
6. All the following are real words, except one; which is it? Monocle, Monticle, Montem, Monital, Monitor, Montane.

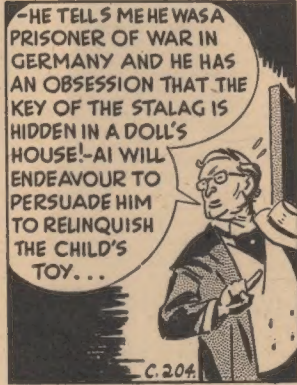
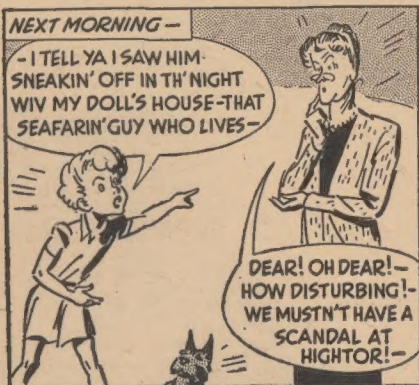
## Answers to Quiz in No. 435

1. Secret.
2. Hosea, Habakkuk, Haggai, Hebrews.
3. Beaumaris.
4. Backgammon.
5. Harry, Oliver, Walter, Robert, James.
6. Quartate.

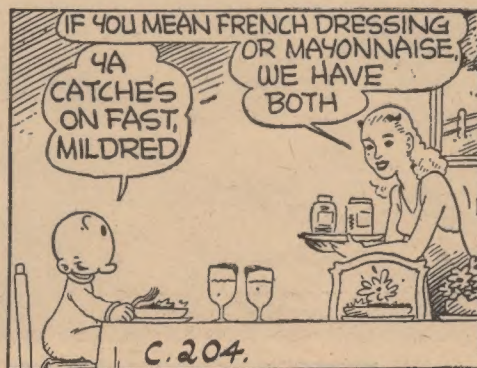
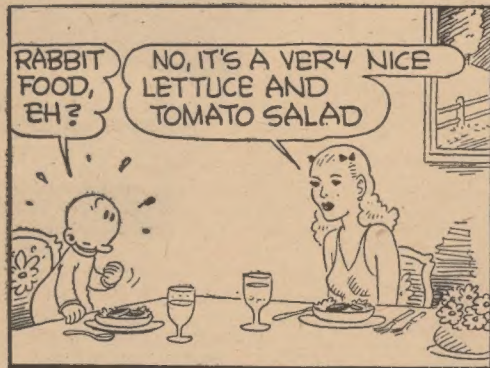
## BEELZEBUB JONES



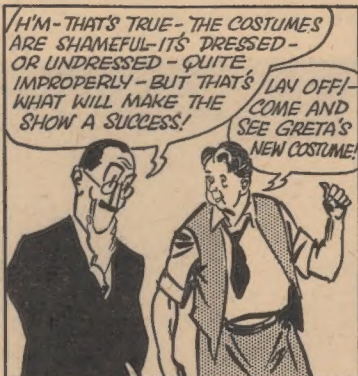
## BELINDA



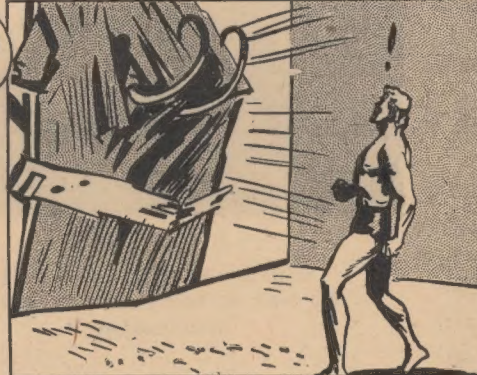
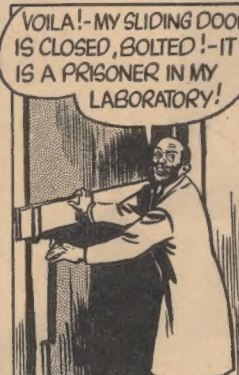
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Introducing Dietrich

By DICK GORDON

ON the "Kismet" set word had just arrived that Marlene Dietrich was on her way to begin her role before the cameras as Jamilla, "Queen of the Bagdad Dancers." Ever since she burst upon the world consciousness in "The Blue Angel" and "Morocco," the Dietrich glamour tradition has burgeoned like a bay tree. This was a new addition to it: Dietrich in her first M.-G.-M. film production.

Several writers for magazines, newspaper syndicates and Press associations, on hand to see the spectacular costumes and dances, submitted questions—and the answers revealed an entirely different kind of Dietrich from the one known around the world on the screen. Miss Dietrich, in the flesh, revealed an astute mind of her own; also that she is an interesting mixture of philosopher and iconoclast.

One question put was, "Miss Dietrich, what is glamour?"

"Glamour, in a word, is assurance. It is a kind of knowing that you are all right in every way, mentally and physically and in appearance, and that, whatever the occasion or situation, you are equal to it. That feeling a woman gets when she has on a new outfit is something akin to glamour. When others gather, from your poise, appearance and command of yourself, that you have that inner assurance, you become glamorous in their eyes!"

Pressmen started making notes of what they termed "Dietrich Definitions and Viewpoints." Here are a few from their lists, which reveal startlingly new facets of the Dietrich character and personality:—

**Success.**—"Success in life depends upon your sense of values"

**Money.**—"It does bring happiness, if used wisely, and don't let anyone tell you it doesn't! If I had lots of money now, I'd fill hundreds of boats with food for Europe's starving children. That would bring happiness to them—and to me!"

**Prejudices.**—"Prejudices are wrong ideas which have been handed on to us and which we hand on to our children, thus keeping alive a long list of historical errors. We should teach our children fundamentals and principals; that honesty is the best policy, that knowledge is power, and so on, with special stress on the Golden Rule—then we should let the poor kids invent their own prejudices, if they must have some!"

**MEN.**—"In general, men are better people than women. They have stronger characters, better brains, and are not so muddled in their thinking."

**Patriotism.**—"Real patriotism means you have selected the particular part of the earth toward which you will be loyal and where you expect to work out your destiny by doing your part to make that particular spot the most civilized, the most cultured, and the happiest part on the globe. Since I became an American citizen by naturalisation, I have become more aware of the power of patriotism."

**FREEDOM.**—"You become really free when you are happily adjusted to life. Inner freedom, that freeing of the spirit from the bondage of unhealthy thinking and fear, is harder to achieve than physical freedom, or the right to roam around where you please."

**Drudgery.**—"I was asked if I ever scrub the floors at my home. Why, of course! Why not? I don't mind doing anything if there is a good reason for it—and I do like good clean floors."

**Children.**—"We owe it to God, as a debt for having been permitted to become parents, to see that our children are better than we—better citizens, better human beings. If they are not, then the world stands still! All the progress and hope of the world lies in its children."

**Airplanes.**—"Someone said the other day that airplanes are the worst things ever invented because they are used in these days to bomb cities. Just like humans, isn't it? Blaming a poor machine because we people, on the earth haven't brains enough to find a way out of our troubles without killing each other! No, it's people, not machines, that are bad. In the post-war era the airplane will prove the greatest distributor of things, adding to comfort, enlightenment, understanding and happiness the world has ever seen."

**Women's Duty to be Glamorous.**—"Is it the duty of women to try to be more glamorous than ever in war times? Heavens, no! Less glamour and more work is what we need in war times. Thousands of women, wearing slacks and shirts, working in war factories, have diverted that 'glamorous urge' to the real problem at hand."

**LOVE.**—"What is love? If you've never known it, you wouldn't understand it if it were explained to you. If you have known it, you don't need a definition from me! Love is something you shouldn't try to think about, anyway. Like faith, it's something noble and grand and far beyond the reach of our reasoning why or wherefore."

**Good Manners.**—"Good manners indicate to others that you, also, have heard of the Golden Rule and are practising it."

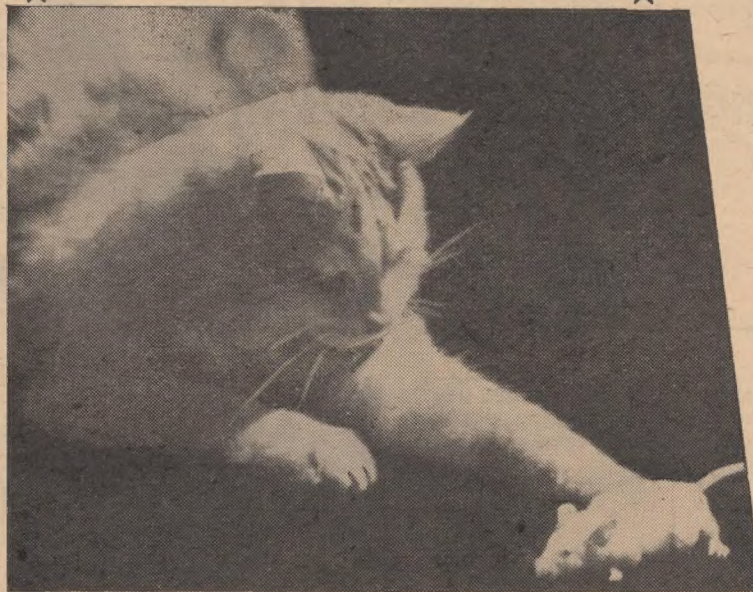
# Good Morning

## Bonnie Scotland

The famous Dochart Rapids, where the river, after its wild career over the enormous boulders of the falls, begins to flow placidly before entering Lock Tay. In the background are some of the Grampian mountains.



The little white mouse who hopes and prays that white cats are lovable.



One of the lovelies in the new musical comedy, "In Rosie's Room," shortly to be released by British Lion.



"Children, children, please do not watch that young lady undressing."



"Now, young lady, are you going to swim, or are you going to get undressed?"

### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Be careful whitey or I'll steal your mouse."

